Quic. You'l not faile ſir?

Exit Miſtris Quickly.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her. I wonder I heare not of M. *Brooke*, I like his Mony well. By the maſſe heere he is.

Enter Brooke.

Ford: God ſaue you ſir.

Fal. Welcome good M. *Brook*. You come to know how matters goes.

Ford: That's my comming indeed ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. Maſter *Brooke* I will not lye to you ſir, I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how ſped you ſir?

Fal. Very ilfauouredly ſir.

For. Why ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal: No M. *Brooke*, but you ſhall heare. After we had kiſſed and imbraced, and as it were amid the prologue of our encounter, who ſhould come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper. And what to do thinke you? to ſearch for his wiues Loue. Euen ſo, plainly ſo.

For: While ye were there?

Fal: Whilſt I was there.

For: And did he ſearch and could not finde you?

Fal: You ſhall heare ſir, as God would haue it, A little before comes me one *Pages* Wife, Giues her intelligence of her husbands Approch: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues Diſtraction, conueyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal.